We have been interested in "A Gallery of Farmer Girls," a book of poems by Schuyler Miller (Klote Publishing Company, Lincoln, Neb.) . The building of a poem is notoriously difficult, and yet we find here an air of obvious case. In this circumstance must lie surely the assurance and the fact of art. So many are poets that it is not necessary to speak at any length of a poet's processes. He has to find his subject and then treat it in a way different from the way that he would employ if he were merely writing prose. Mr. Miller's first poem is entitled "At the End of the Row." How many poets are there who could develop in anything the a satisfactory manner so unpromising a supject? To the uningenious it must seem to be very meagre. "What sort of a row? Which and?"-we seem to hear many a poet of feeble powers pitifully advancing these inquiries significant of a great despair. Mr. Miller closes his eyes and presently sees a row of potatoes, orn, or beans. At one end of it either end-a young unmarried farmer leans upon his hoe Here now is the man with a hoe, and the question is what is to be done with him. There is no angelus within ten miles. Mr. Miller waits; he starts, smiles, opens his eyes, takes up his pen

Miss Lillie Day's the schoolma'am, she just passed She said "Good morning" just as clear and sweet As song of any robin, and her neat Blue Jacket, sailor hat, and all surpassed The finest of the city girls', for she is just as pretty and aint gos that proud. Disdainful way as them's that of that crowd Or else, of course, she wouldn't speak to me I wish I'd looked some better, for these torn Blue, faded overalls and old white hat Perhaps aint quite as good she'd like to see: Vou can't go dressed up much when ploughtn' corn I don't believe, though, that she noticed that, It makes no difference, for she spoke to me.

Here, it will be perceived, there is no tone of deplament. The farmer is not made to feel that he has been trodden down by the hungry generations. He is not aware of being the victim of ages of organized and remoreeless wrong. No suggestion that he reckons himself among the ox family. He looks after the schoolma'am w th a distinctly hopeful feeling. His one moderate sorrow is that she did not see him in his Sunday clothes. He will see to that another time, and the whole poem breathes the optimistic spir t. It seems to us to be a fortunate poet whose work gives the appearance of ease and deciares a state of happiness. Here is what Mr. Miller has to say in a poem entitled "Misan-

I 'spect you'll think it's kind o' heathen-like Maybe 'tis wrong, but jest the same it's true; keer more for that old gray team out there. My worn-out wagon, ploughs, and other thing I've got 'round here than 'bout the biggest hall of numan critters that I've ever seen. These things, I knows. They're always in their place And when I wants them, I'm dead sure to find They're ready fixed for jest what's to be done And humans, though they all 'lows they're so smart Putson such airs; holds up their heads so high, Aint safe to trust, can't be de-pended on,

I'm old Bill Jones; not very much account Aint got no woman, calld nor scarce a friend Got that air team, some few old farmin' tools, Got this here eighty, worst blame piece of land

You ever saw, I s'pect. "Taint fit to farm. Jest hills and hollers, all growed up to weeds All rough and stony, creek choked full of brush, The worst derned place, I s'pect, that lays outdoors. like it, though. It's good enough for me; And, after all, I'm most inclined to guess Them hoases there, this eighty acre farr Are jest as much God's makin' as the best

It is not an uncommon thing for cheerful poets to pretend not to take themselves seriously. An abundance of high spirits lead them to believe that they can afford to do this. Not every poet would dare to trifle with himself as Mr. Miller does in the poem entitled "Inspiration.

The other day I read it. I don't jest Remember where it was about a man Who had a fit or something when he saw The sunrise, and he writ it down in verse And had it printed in the magazines.

I don't care a demnation darn about Autora's beams" or "Phoebus' golden car set here milkin' 'long side of ol' Spot The mornin' sun a soakin' in my back, The milk-pail 'tween my knees. I tell you what

The whole suggestion of this book is that Mr. Miller feels good, and we think it no more than proper to say of a number of poets whose acquaintance we have been obliged to make, that we wish they could bring themselves to feel like him. At the same time we cannot understand at all how Mr. Miller, who lives in Lincoln, Neb., could have permitted himself to feel as he does. The greatest poet in Lincoln, and the greatest ever nominated for the Presidency, does not permit himself to have such a We had supposed that everybody in Lincoln felt as Mr. Bryan does, and would sternly refuse to feel better until Mr. Bryan is elected President. But here is a resident of Lincoln who, knowing as he must that he is a victim of the octopus and of imperialism and of government by injunction and of the crime against silver, consents to be happy merely because he has got the sun on his back. If we were to learn that Mr. Miller's poems had grieved Mr. Bryan we should not be surprised. Perhaps Mr. Bryan has already stepped around and a ked his fellow poet and neighbor to please to be miserable for the sake of symmetry and the political and general good came of the town. His great powers of persussion are well known, and if he has done such a thing we may reasonably expect that Mr. Miller's next book of poems will be a book

The Conquest of Arid America," by William E. Smythe (Harper & Brothers), is an interesting book. In his preface Mr. Smythe speaks of the impression received by a New Englander who removes to the Far West. One so changing his habitation will be struck with the immensity of the country which awaits settlement and development. He will not be long in discovering that the new land possesses certain advantages of climate, soil and other natural resources over the place from which he The materials for this book were gathered during ten years of experience and study on the part of the writer in various parts of the West. His work as editor of "The Irrigation Age" and as an officer of the Irrigation Congress took him repeatedly to all the States and Territories of the arid region, and to nearly every valley and settlement of special interest, and the knowledge drawn from this experience has been supplemented here by the information contained in many books. The title of one of Mr. Smythe's chapters, "The Blessing of Aridity," will be likely to excite the curiosity of most readers. In any just estimate of the relative worth of Western resources, we are told here, the fact of aridity must be rated as high above the value of mines and forests as human progress is dearer than money and as the fate of the race is more important than the prosperity of idividuals. This refers to the struggle for exstence in such a place and to the benefits of the resulting combinations and associative enterprise. The arid land needs only water, to be secured by irrigation, to become immensely fruitful. "The land which the casual traveller speaking out of the depths of his ignorance and prejudice, condemns as worthless, a d fit only so hold the earth together, is in reality rich and durable beyond the most favored districts in the humid regions. It is the marvel of every Eastern farmer who comes in contact with it." The glories of antiquity sprang from the desert, and Prof. Hilgard has concluded that the extraordinary fertility of the valley of the Nile is a quality inherent in aridity | pression by no means strengthens the hands itself. Damascus, that miracle of irrigation in the Syrian desert, is no more wonderful and no alities to become assimilated in a common more beautifu, we read here, than Denver, Sait Lake Cry, or any one of a score of modern towns of California. The glories of the Garden of Eden were the result of irrigation. "A river gered, humanity, and he thinks that if the people went out of Eden to water the Garden," says of the British Empire, by legislation, will curthe Bible story. The book considers the Mormon commonwealth, the Greeley colony of Colo- ald their administrators to foster the colonial

rade, the evolution of Southern California, the new day in Colorado, the pleasant land of Utah, the crude atrength of Idaho, arid Washington and Oregon, the potential great-ness of Nevada, Wyoming, lawgiver of the arid region, the prosperity of Montana, the awakening of New Mexico, and the budding civilization of Arizona; and there are chapters on such subjects as the surplus people, colonization with cooperative capital, colony plans and institutions, and so on. It is certainly a splendid picture which Mr. Smythe has here set forth. The accomplished facts are amazing: and overwhelming. The book has maps and

clay and cow dung, and, furnished with

rough-hewn benches, and the stores were

shantles stocked with pot-hats and Manchester

and Brommagen "Kaffir truck," to its present

state as a presperous city which is a blended

Savannab, San Francisco and Wall Street

district. Herein, also, he enumerates some

of the arguments that were set before the

simple burghers to induce them to take up

arms-shows how it was pointed out to them

that if, in 1881, a mere handful of them, without

money, then won victories, the elements of

the three hundred thousand Africanders who

were to rise simultaneously in the republics

and colonies and face the British with modern

rifles, the new-fangled but useful artillery.

and unlimited gold that could be mined and

coined at will. The British Government would

not dare to remove soldiers from Ireland.

Egypt, or India: the French element would

negative Canadian action, and thus the force

that could be sent out would be easily out-

matched by Africanders, for in 'st thirty British

fell for each burgher wounded. Early re-

verses in Africa would prove the end of Euro-

European alliance would complete the humilia-

tion which the Africanders had begun. The

rottenness of royalty and society had under-

onles were a drain rather than an arm of

ndependence in the day of Imperial embar-

sement. All this was garnished with copious

cranks and alarmists, statistical proofs of the

decline of British supremacy from current

reviews, speeches of Irish agitators and cuttings

from the gutter rags of Paris that now expend

their balderdash against perfide Albion. Then,

too, there were the articles by Mr. Arnold White

and the labor prognostications of Mr. Arnold

Foster, who foretold and advised British work-

ingmen to take advantage of the war by ex-

tensive strikes. It seems scarcely strange

that the most thoughtful men of the Free

Staters were misled by the easy possibilities

that were pointed out to them; and to those

who lay the whole onus of the war upon the

Colonial Secretary, Mr. Musgrave submits

some extracts from the early files of De Patriot.

the great Taal organ of South Africa, and the

mouthpiece of the Africander party in the

Colonies. Here are some of the marvellous

deals of the Africander Bond, as set forth in

We have seen what tremendous results we gained

rom the Transvaal war. Now we must not relax our

These English come to South Africa and open

hotels, canteens and stores. These stores are our dan-

gerous enemy, for our people are attracted thereby

and they buy, buy till they are half ruined. ...

This money is used to support English papers and

English schools, and we say plainly it is the duty of

the true Africander to buy nothing from an English-

man or from one who advertises in English news-

papers. Where there is no offal there are no vultures.

. . English vultures in the towns will soon be force

to depart, but it is the English settlers who buy land

that we must fear. They come here to stay. African-

ders, you must not sell your land to Englishmen. We

own the big ranches. The English colonist is a fingo,

and he will sacrifies our land and our people to England and English ideas. \* • The English lan-

guage has unjustly protruded itself over our whole country. \* \* \* The gibberish of the roonieks forces

Besides the English soakers (hotel keepers), rob

bers (traders), reds (soldlers), there are the bluffers,

English and Anglified schoolmasters, who teach ou

children that the English tongue is the finest, whereas

English history is interesting and glorious, instead

of a string of lies; that the geography of England is chief, when it is but a North Sea island; \* \* \* that

t is a great mass of nonseuse. . . These bluffers

are most dangerous to us, for they work unobtrusively

. . We must have no English in our Parliament.

courts, public offices, rallways. In our religion we

must not let that language intrude. Anglified

preachers amuggle in the language. Therefore, war

For the schools for our girls the English lead. We

must establish Africander schools to our children, for

by Anglifying our daughters they infect family life.

The English notion that women are to have high

education is insane, unscriptural, house corrupting.

nome-corrupting. These schools for girls must be

banished from our land. The Huguenot schools are

corrupting our daughters with education that their

parents do not understand. Keep your houses pure

Mr. Musgrave believes that there are two

extremes in South Africa. One represented

be Kruger, the retrograde cattle herder, and

the other by the financial sharks of the Rand.

But neither can control the destiny of the coun-

of people to the country, where they were op-

pressed by the other, the removal of that op

of the capitalists. But it will enable all nation

country, and a vast self-governing colony or

federation will be the result. The price of the

war, so far, has surprised, but has not stag-

While the one extreme attracted thousand

against it in our Church.

from this high English education

English literature is the best, when (with exception

is a miscellaneous gibberiah; . .

te way into our houses and our churches.

forts. It is we Africanders under or they under.

island of the Pacific, a villainous savage priest and a race of highly civilized and fair-skinned savages: a maiden of enchanting loveliness and a stranded naval officer are a few of the ingredients used by Mr. Duffield Osborne in "In South Africa With Buller" (Little, Brown concection of "The Secret of the Crater" & Co.) is the title of one of the best of the many (Putnams), and they are cunningly blended after the formula of Mr. Rider Haggard and books that have already been written on the subject of the Boer war. The author, Mr. some kindred dispensers of light literature George Clarke Musgrave, is an American who of the nerve-tightening kind. The things writes of what he saw and experienced himself. that happened to Lieut. Yance of the United and his is the viewpoint of one who believes States Navy in the very bowels of an active that though no one can be blind to the machinavolcano are sufficiently surprising to satisfy tions of some capitalists and the blunders of even that oft-mentioned abstraction, the mos imperialists and ultra-lovalists, yet a careful exacting reader. He slew, single handed, and review of facts will lead true Americans, as in fair fight, a large number of murderous lovers of universal liberty, to realize that the and fanatical priests, and by the operation of a only hope for South Africa lies in its federation nicely adjusted system of levers he was enabled under the almost republican constitution guarto divert the volcanic stream of molten lava anteed by the British flag. Hence he has from its natural and devastating course: and prepared a plain account of the war, up to it is gratifying to know that he was rewarded the fall of Pretoria, and its causes based upon with the hand and heart of the most beautiful personal observation and investigation; and princess that the ancient blood of Phœnicia while it is undoubtedly true that many thoughtever warmed to life, and lived to a ripe old ful Americans, animated by neither party not age as ruler over a colony of Carthaginian racial prefudice, see nothing to-day in South exiles upon an island indicated upon no extant Africa but the deliberate attempt of Rhodes map or chart. As for the wicked priests, their and his cohorts to grab two tiny republics for bodies were dragged out and buried beneath their own exaltation, it is, on the other hand, a a great mound of earth and their barbarous fact that 90 per cent. of the American residents creed was utterly discredited. The dreaded in South Africa favor the British side. As for the volcano poured its molten streams forever contention that England undertook a war for afterward harmlessly into the depths of the the sake of gold mines which were already sea and troubled no more the shepherd and the property of individuals of several nationthe husbandman. A new ruling race was alities, and whose output, even under a heavy born-tall men, with dark eyes, and brown, tax, would be exhausted ere a tenth of the cost curling beards-and princesses almost as beauof the war could be extracted, he treats it as tiful as the one who, as the author says, "made too ridiculous to need comment and instances their father forget home and rank and kin the lack of British preparation as one of the for such kisses as colder climes and ages have strongest arguments against the charge of frozen upon the lips of colder races than those aggression. His is, in fact, practically the viewthat once enjoyed the earth." Altogether of the sturdy Natal farmer, who an entertaining and a satisfying tale. is the true type of Africander—but who scouts the appellation as hiding the Cape Boer-and A charming little romance is "Monsieur who now, with his goods looted and his lifeby Mr. Booth Tarkington. work destroyed, does not ask "Why did Cham-(McClure, Phillips & Co.) A light and dainty trifle berlain and Rhodes force the war?" but rather, set in the atmosphere of those glorious days Why did not England prepare for the inevof sword knots and furbelows, patches and table months and years ago?" In a chapter brocades, when fiddles twanged to the stately on the underlying causes of the war Mr. Musdancing of the bucks and the fine ladies, and grave traces the development of Pretoria from Beau Nash held soveriegn sway in the pump the sleepy hamlet where the capitol or Raadroom at Bath. Lots of love making and brilznal was a thatched barn, floored with mixed

spirit in South Africa, as in other great self-governing colonies, it will be safe to prophesy that the expenditure of blood and money will prove trivial for the good accruing. There

is much in his book that will not appeal to those

whose sympathy is based on sentimentalism and

often upon a superficial acquaintance with

the facts-but his views are set forth with a

logical directness that at least entitles them

A mysterious mountain in an unchartered

to attention and respect.

It is a pretty bad aut biography that does not yield something of interest and value to the general reader. Miss Belle Kearney, who writes the story of her life in "A Slaveholder's Daughsuccess were ten-thousand-fold greater with ter" (The Abbey Press), very naturally looks on her religious experiences and her successful exertions in behalf of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and her labors for woman's suffrage and other reforms as the important events in her career. She describes these in great detail in the hopelessly inflated, place form of eloquence characteristic of the reforming classes. Miss Kearney's career, however, has been uncommon in several ways, and the mere fact that she s a Mississippi woman, and Mississippi bred, gives interest to incidents of her life as a school teacher and as a reformer that would hardly atpean toleration of bated England, and a great tract attention were she a New England woman. She was born a few months after the Emancip tion Proclamation was signed that deprived ber father of the main source of his wealth by free ng his slaves. Her chi dhood came in the mined the morals of navy and army; the ranks were filled with the scum of the cities, weedy blackest days of reconstruction, in the bitter striplings, diseased and without staming to poverty of the ruined plantation homes. Her parents, like so many others, found it almost fight. The Cabinet and the whole official jealousy and corruption, and the British colditions of life, but the children displayed precocious and remarkable energy. Her little brothers undertook to cultivate the plantastrength. Many, in fact, would declare their tion and the story of their first efforts marks the difference between the old generation and extracts from the writings and speeches of the new:

liant sword play, witty and unforced dialogue

and a series of climaxes that are admirably

dramatic are skilfully put together in a manner

as happy as that of Mr. Anthony Hope in his

palmiest days. The illustrations by Mr. C. D.

Villiams and the decorative designs by Mr

Charles Edward Hooper are especially note-

"Never having been trained as ploughmen their first efforts were crude, developing the most ludicrously crooked rows of corn and cotton Father was disgusted with the result of their attempts, and, in desperation, took hold of the plough, one spring morning, to teach them predsion. I am ashamed that the outcome of your work is so wretched, after living on a plantation all your lives. Let me show you how to manage a plough! he exclaimed, grasping the implement with stern determination. It was heavier than he had thought-he had never touched one before, and never after, it is well to add-and the mouth of the mule tougher than he dreamed. Away went the plough! up and down, right and left, here and there: demolishing the serpentine rows and scattering clods and confusion broadcast. The boys were convulsed with laughter, which, however, they wisely concealed. Father kept on trying to conquer the mule and the plough till exhaustion came. Throwing down the lines he said, very bravely, 'Now, boys, you see how it ought to be done. Never let me hear of your failing again!' and walked away with assumed stateliness to hide his crestfallen condition; back to his den and his law books."

Much earlier Miss Kearney had shown a hard sense and energy of character that would have been remarkable even in the North, and that fore-hadowed the woman she was to be. When everything was going wrong, and there was not food enough to go around in the house her parents, with Southern improvidence, added

another baby to the family. The feeling of indignation that swelled into my inmost being urpasses description. Rallying the three boys in the dining-room a caucus was held. Our ages were respectively 11. 9,7 and 5 years. I was self-elected chairman this momentous occasion. Boys, my voice came trembling with growing 'a child has been born into our family. He will have to be supported. We are disgraced. We were too poor to have any more children. It was just as much as we could do to get along with us four. We must do something to show how angry we are about this baby's coming to add to our troubles." So they piled the chairs up and knocked them over and took a vow never to look at the baby till they were forced to. As she grew older Miss Kearney found it hard work to acquire an education and later made a plucky fight against social prejudice to establish her right to earn her own living by teaching school. Her affect tations are merely of style and vocabulary She tells her facts directly and there is much that is pathetic to be read between the lines The manner in which she and her father accepted the results of the war, and their humane and sensible views about the negroes are noticeable. We are afraid, however, that the history of the times before the war will hardly support this statement by Miss Kearney:

"Let it be said here, and said with all the emphasis the fact involves, that none of the 'outrages' which have so often disgraced the nation since the Civil War are the deeds of the old slave, nor is the 'vengeance' that of the old master and rarely that of his sons. It is the new element of both races that wars one on the other." "Elizabeth and Her German Garden" (Mac

millans), an extremely pleasant book about the country and flowers and babies, which has been very successful in England, is published in a new edition "to which tie author has added nearly & quarter as many more pages as were in the first edition and an entertaining preface. ' The copy before us has no preface, and there is nothing to indicate what the additions are. If the episode of the young English woman from Dresden hunting for copy is one it might better have been left out, as it is not in harmony with rest of the book. Elizabeth carries

people and withdraws into a big neglected garden to live her own life and save herself and her family from the waste of time that society calls for. She is, as might be expected, very se in her ideas and insists on having things planted as she wishes. When her first gardener tried to follow out his own ideas, she read to him out of her gardening book, though she knew that it must be annoying. He took to going about with a spade in one hand and a revolver in the ther, explaining that he felt safer that way, and when he turned on Elizabeth and asked her, "Do I look like a count or like a monkey?" they ent him to the insane asylum. She has three babies and tells several stories about them. Her five-year-old objected to her mother's narration of the story of the 'Fall of Man.' April baby's eyes opened wider and wider and her face grew redder and redder. I was surprised at the breathless interest she took in the story-the other two were tearing up tufts of grass and hardly listening. I had scarcely got to the angels with the flaming swords and announced that that was all, when she bur-t out, 'Now, I'll tell about it. Once upon a time there was Adam and Eva, and they had plenty of clothes, and there was no snake, and lieber Gott waen't angry with them, and they could eat as many apples as they liked, and was happy for ever and ever there now.' 'But that's not the story, said rather helplessly. Yes, yes It's a much nicelier one! Now, another. The author professes to be a German, and the most fanciful and charming episode in the book is the pilgrimage to the old home where she was a girl, and her escape unseen by the occupants the is thoroughly conversant with the language and manages to convey the charm of the Ger man country landscape at all seasons. But the things in German life she finds to criticise though not so many as in her other book, "The Solitary Summer," are not the faults that would strike a German. It is only the British

matron's eye that would see things in that light, and the fun made of German customs is fun meant for British readers. Here is one of her friends: "She is a young woman with a beautiful, refined face, and her eyes and straight, fine eyebrows are particularly lovable At meals she dips her bread into the salt-ce lar, bires a bit off, and repeats the process, although providence (taking my shape) has caused saltspoons to be placed at convenient intervals down the table. She lunched to-day on beer, Schweine-Koteletten and cabbage-salad with caraway seeds in it, and now I hear her through the open window, extemporizing touching melodies in her charming, cooing voice. She is thin, frail, intelligent, lovable. all on the above diet." Scepticism about her being German sometimes grows into a doubt as to whether Elizabeth is a woman, though doubtless some women have succeeded in writing something like men. They are trying to make the dreadful English girl from Dresden put an end to her visit, and in explaining why German women do not talk po ities, suggest that it might get them into prison. "But why? Because, though you yourself may have meant nothing but what was innocent, your words may have suggested something less innecent to the evil minds of your hearers; and then the law steps in and calls it dolus eventualis, and everybody says how dreadful, and off you go to prison and are punished as you deserve to

Elizabeth's husband, a German, had noticed somewhere a pretty young woman listening to an elderly political star, a bimetallio star. "What puzzled me," he says, "was that she went away apparently as serene and happy as when she came. The explanation of the principles of bimetallism produce, as a rule, a contrary effect." "Why, she hadn't been listening," answers the pork-chop young woman, "and your simple star had been making fine goose of himself the whole evening.

"Prattle, prattle, simple star. Bimetallic, wunderbur. Though you're given to desertbe You, yourself, are siliter far. Prattling, bimetallic star!"

Elizabeth and the young woman who ate pork thops have an ingenious arrangement about "Years ago, when first I knew her, and long before we were either of us married. I sent her a little brass candlestick on her birthday; and when mine followed a few months written in it, and on her next bir hday I pre- mel, will res it in the appointment of a comsented it to her: she thanked me profusely, and when my turn came I received the brass candlestick. Since then we alternately enjoy the possession of these articles and the present question is comfortably settled once and for all." Now a woman may undoubtedly do this, but will she tell of it?

A half dozen short stories, one of which had previously appeared in print, form a little volume called "The Repentant Magdalen and Other Stories," by May Isabel Fisk, published by Zimmerman. "Tatters" is a sorrowful little tale of a girl and her lover, told from the point of view of her little dog. It is cleverly and effectively done. In one or two of the other stories the plot is interesting and well planned. The author has a fondness for long words, a harmle-s taste, but when the words are unfamiliar, it might save her readers perplexity if she would look up their meaning in the die ionary before using them. Some of her wellsounding combinations of syllables we are inclined to think have not been garnered yet by the lexicographers. A portrait of the author serves as frontispiece for a prettily gotten up little book. We have also received:

"The Kite Trust, a Romance of Wealth." Lebbeus Harding Rogers. (Kite Trust Publishing (ompany.) "Social Sinners." Emile A. Palier. (The Ab-

bey Press.) "The Jay-Hawkers. A Story of Free Soil and Border Ruffian Days." Adela E. Orpen. (Ap-

PRIVATE LEAVES \$39,000 ESTATE. Basil Owen, Who Died in the Philippines, Was

a Grandson of Sir Richard Owen. SAN FRANCISCO, July 27 .- News has been reeived in this city from Manila of the death of Basil Owen, a private in the Thirty-seventh Infantry, who succumbed to malarial fever on June 6 in the field hospital of his regiment in the Philippines, at the age of 27. He was the youngest son of the late William Owen of London. England, and a grandson of Sir Richard Owen, the scientist. The young man was of Owen, the scientist. The young man was of brilliant mind but erratic character. He entisted in the First Tennessee regiment when it was stationed in this city and went with it to the islands. When it was disbanded he chose to continue his military career in the ranks.

By a will executed just before leaving San Francisco he leaves his entire property, consisting of a one-seventh share in his g andfather's estate and amounting to over \$32,000, to his brother, Alan Owen, of this city. The inter, who was on the point of leaving for London, will remain here for a couple of weeks to have the will probated.

GOFF BUSY WITH MOLINEUX APPEAL May Sign the Papers This Week-Gen. Moli

George G. Battle of counsel for Roland B. Molineux was in conference with Recorder Goff for a long time yesterday afternoon. Stenographer Beard, who took the Molineux trial. was also there and the points on appeal were gone over.

It would not come as a surprise to any one It would not come as a surprise to any one should the Recorder sign the papers before he goes away on his vacation, which begins on Monday. It is said that he worked at them late on Thursday night. His term of court closed yesterday. It has come out that Gen. Molineux was in conference with District Astorney Gardiner last week every day and several times each day, and to this is now attributed the celerity with which Mr. Le Barbier, the Assistant District Attorney, finished his reading of the papers on appeal. The defence is anxious to get the case to the Court of Appeals in October.

tien. Leonard Wood at West Point. WEST POINT, July 27.-The Military Academy was honored to-day by a visit from Major-Gen. Leonard Wood, U.S. V., Governor General of Cuba. A salute was given him on his arrival, and while here he was the guest of Col. Hein, Acting Superintendent. Gen. Wood left to-night for Washington to meet the Secretary of War. New Zublicutions.

Mew Bublications.

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The Macmillan Company, Publishers, New York.



TRIAL FOR PLAYWRIGHT HOYT. Sheriff's Jury Here to Pass Upon His Sanity-

Doctors Say Case Is Hopeless. On the application of Frank McKee, partner in theatrical enterprises of Charles H. Hoyt, Justice Dugro of the Supreme Court appointed yesterday a commission to inquire, with a Sheriff's jury, into the mental condition of Hoyt. The Commissioners are Dr. William J. O'Sullivan, Edward Jacobs and John J. Quinlan Mr. Hoyt was sent to a retreat for the insane at Hartford on Thursday on an order of Justice Freeman of that place. The present proceedshe sent me a note-book. No notes were line, brought by Mckee through Howe & Hummittee of his person and of his estate, which has

been of late in charge of McKee. Mr. McKee says in his petition that he has been a partner of Hoyt under the firm name of Hoyt & McKee for the past five years and that the firm is now carrying on business in this city; that Hoyt is a resident of this city and has property here that ne has no wife living and has no next of kin in this State. The petition

The nature of the property of the said Hoyt, "The nature of the property of the said Hoyt, so far as petitioner knows, is certain real estate situated in the State of New Hampshire, and personal property and his interest in the firm of Hoyt & McKee in the city of New York, and the value thereof, according to the best knowledge and information of this petitioner is about \$100,000; and, so far as petitioner knows, no property of the alleged incompetent has been conveyed by him during the period of his alleged incompetency."

by him during the period of his alleged incompetency."

Mr. McKee says that Mr. Hoyt has been unfit for about a year to attend to his affairs. An affidavit of Dr. Graeme M. Hammord is attached, stating that he examined Hoyt for several hours on July 24 last. He says:

"I found him suff ring from paresis. His mind and memory showed failure and there was also failure of physical strength, which are the usual symptoms of paresis. I thoroughly tested his mental powers and found them in such a state of failure as to be so far imvaired that I can positively state that said Charles H. Hoyt is an absolutely incurable paretic."

SOCIAL EVENTS AT NEWPORT:

Newport Home of Bishop Berkeley to Be Pre-

NEWPORT, R. I., July 27 .- Society to-day gathared at "Whitehall" the Newport home of Bishop Berkeley in Middletown, which under the supervision of a committee of society ladies has been completely removed up as a paired and in the future will be kept up as a historic museum. It took a large sum of money to fix the place up. "Whitehall" is situnously to fix the place up. historic museum. It took a large sum of money to fix the place up. "Whitehail" is situated near Purgatory road, and is one of the historic spots of Khode Island. At the house warning this afterneon addresses were made by the Rev. Edward Everett Hale and Mr. E. Theodore Martin of New York sang "Westward the Course of Empire," Berkeley's poem set to music.

music.

Among the social events to-day were a luncheon by Mr. Reginald Brooks and dinners to-night by Mrs. Elisha Dyer, Mrs. Ogden Mills, Mrs. Lyman C. Josephs, Mrs. C. H. Baldwin and Mrs. Nathaniel Thayer.

India Famine Relief Fund. John Crosby Brown, treasurer of the India

famine relief fund, reports contributions of \$2,670.40 yesterday, making the total to date \$169.154.59. The Rev. Dr. Justin E. Abbott yesterday received a cablegram from the American Marathi mission at Ahmednagar, Bombay Presidency, saying: "Twenty-one hundred Presidency, saying: "Twenty-one hundred famine children received. Appeal for permanent support." Dr. Abbott says that mission-aries are facing the problem of what to do with these suffering little ones. To leave them to die of starvation, or suff r uncared for, is impossible, but to care for such large numbers implies a future financial responsibility they cannot well assume unless the philanthropy of the world backs them up in their labor for humanity. Some assurance is needed that when the call for "starving India" is less urg nt, philanthropy will not suddenly cease, and leave thousands of children without sur port on the hands of missionaries. The expense for each child per year for support and education in the industrial schools of the missions is \$20.

Hay for Our Horses in the Philippines. Bids were opened yesterday at the office of Col. Amos S. Kimball, Assistant Quartermaster-General, U. S. A., for 300 tons of hay, to be seneral, U. S. A., for 300 tons of hay, to be shipped to the Philippines. This is the first forage for our cavalry horses in the Philippines to be shipped from an Eastern port. The hay will cost the Government delivered at Manila only a little over \$16 a ton, considered one of the cheapest forage contracts ever made for the army.

army. Broke an Arm Showing That a Girl Could

The boys were vaulting over a wooden horse in the public school playground in Avenue A. between Seventy- seventh street and Seventyeighth street, yes erday and the ziris were lok-ing on. Nine-year-old Margaret Taylor laughed and said that girls could jump, too. She tried to show that she could vanit the "horse," and falling, broke her arm. She was taken to the Presbyterian Hospital. **AUTHORS** SEEKING

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50°C.-Sadi's "Flower Garden," Spence's "Anecdotes," Swift's "Prose." PRATT, 161 6th av. WOULDN'T HEAR LAWYER BARNETT.

Two more encounters between Magistrate Pool and Lawyer George A. C. Barnett occurred in the Jefferson Market police court yesterday In the morning the Magistrate took occasion to instruct Sergt. Foody with regard to who should be admitted within the railing in front of the bench. At the same time he announced of the bench. At the same time he announced that he would not permit counsel to appear in summons cases and remarked that he could stand almost anything except that lawyers imputed prejudice to him, as had happened on the day before. Barnett, who was outside the railing, cried out that the Magistrate was placing him in the position of a criminal and that as such he had a right to be heard "If you have any applogies to make, you must put them in writing," the Magistrate said. "I shall not consider them under any other circumstances."

said. "I shall not consider them under any other circumstances"
"I have no apologies to make," shouted the lawyer. "I have done or said nothing wrong, and the time will come when you dare not sit down upon me as you are doing."
Hostilities were resumed in the afternoon when Barnett appeared on the bridge in behalf of the driver of an automobile who has been paroled from time to time until the victim of an accident in which he was mixed up can appear in court. Magistrate Pool declared that he would have nothing to do with Barnett until he had apologized, and ordered him to step off the bridge. Barnett obeyed, but shouted to the bridge. Barnett obeyed, but shouted to his client that he advised him to walk out of court. No one paid any attention to him, and the Magistrate kept his temper.

MARRIED

GATES - TIMPSON. - On Wednesday, July 26. 1900, at her residence, 935 8th av., by the Rev. John F. Steen, Eliza M., daughter of Franklin and Mary Timpson, to Herburt A. Gates, both of

DIED.

BALLARD .- At Sewaren, N. J., Thursday, July 26, 1900, Charles W., infant son of Charles W. and Ada F. Ballard. Puneral services will be held at Sewaren. Saturday afternoon, July 28, 1900, at half past 2. Interment private.

BEAN .- At Saranac Lake, July 26, 1900, Howard Dudley Bean, in the 43d year of his age. Funeral services at the residence of Mrs. Charles R Chapman, 337 Laurel st. Hartford, Coun., or Monday, July 30, 1900, at 12:30 P. M. GARLAND .- At Hamilton, Mass., James Albert

Garland, in his 61st year. Notice of funeral later. GODDARD .- On Wednesday, July 25, 1900, in

New York city, Warren Norton, son of the late J. Warren and Celestine Gardiner Goddard, aged 43 years. Funeral services at All Souls' Church, 4th av., cor ner of 20th st., Saturday morning, July 28, 1900,

ONES .- On Thursday, July 26, 1900, suddenly, A Sleight Jones, of pneumonia. Funeral services will be held at his late residence 11 West 121st st., on Saturday afternoon, July 28

1900, at 4 o'clock. RIVES,-At London, England. July 24, 1900. Elizabeth Emlen, wife of George Barclay Rives and daughter of James Montgomery Hare. AUER .- On Friday. July 27, 1900, Julia Sauer, aged 28.

Funeral from her late residence, 124 West 25th st. Sunday, July 29, 1900, at 2:30 P. M. WEIR .- At Elizabeth, N. J., on Wednesday, July 25. 1900, Mary, daughter of the late Capt. G. V. Weir, Fifth United States Artillery, aged 27

Interment at West Point, N. Y.

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